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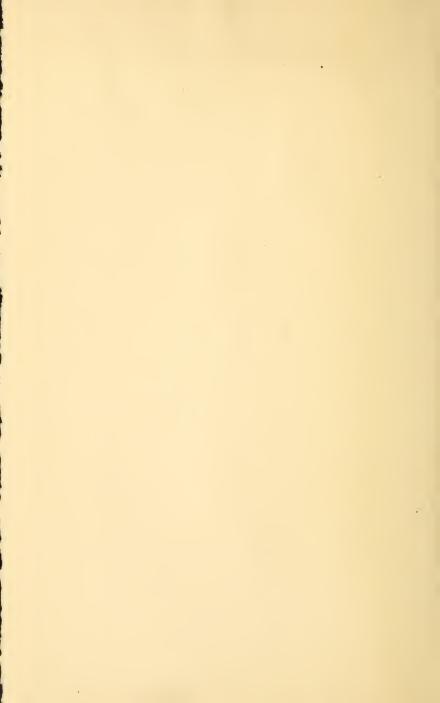
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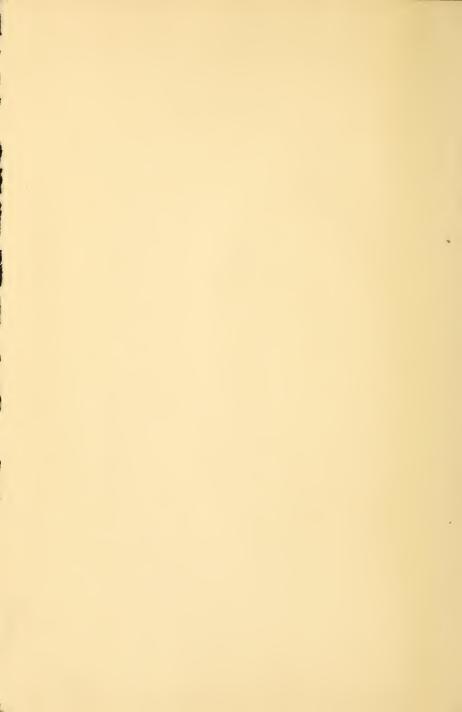
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Charles C. Nott, father of Judge Charles C. Nott, of the Court of General Sessions, died in New York on March 6. Mr. Nott was appointed to the United States Board of Claims by Abraham Lincoln, and became Chief Justice of the Board during President Cleveland's second administration. He retired in 1905, after forty years of service. Mr. Nott was born on September 16, 1827, and attended Union College. After his graduation he came to New York city and entered the law firm of Clarkson, Nott & Potter. Williams College conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1874. During the Civil War he enlisted as a private in the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, and was wounded in battle in Tennessee. Subsequently he served as colonel of the 176th New York Volunteer Regiment. Captured as a prisoner of war in Brashear, La., in June, 1863, Col. Nott lay thirteen months in a Texas prison camp and was finally discharged because of ill health. Mr. Nott was the author of "Mechanics' Lien Laws," "Sketches of the War," "Sketches of Prison Camps," "The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church," and "The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught, New York." He was a valued contributor to the early numbers of this journal, and in the semi-centennial issue of the Nation, in July, last year, renewed an old connection with an article of reminiscences.

The nation march 16 1916



THE SEVEN GREAT HYMNS



THE



SEVEN GREAT HYMNS

OF THE

Mediaeval Church

ANNOTATED BY CHARLES C. NOTT

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION

NEW YORK

CHURCH MISSIONS HOUSE

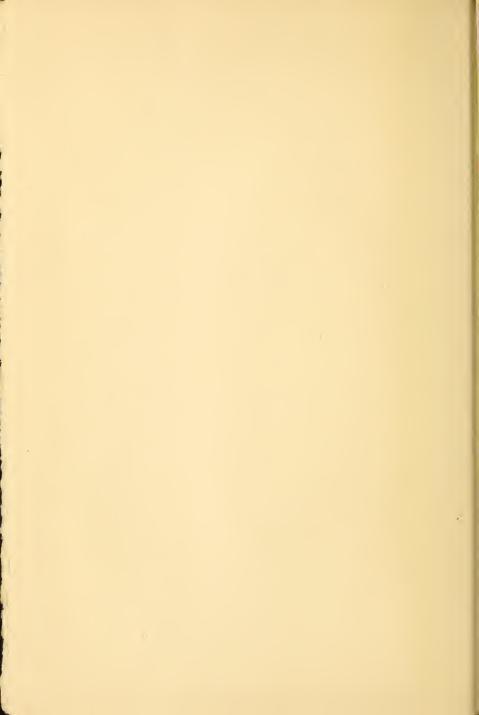
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the One who First Inspired

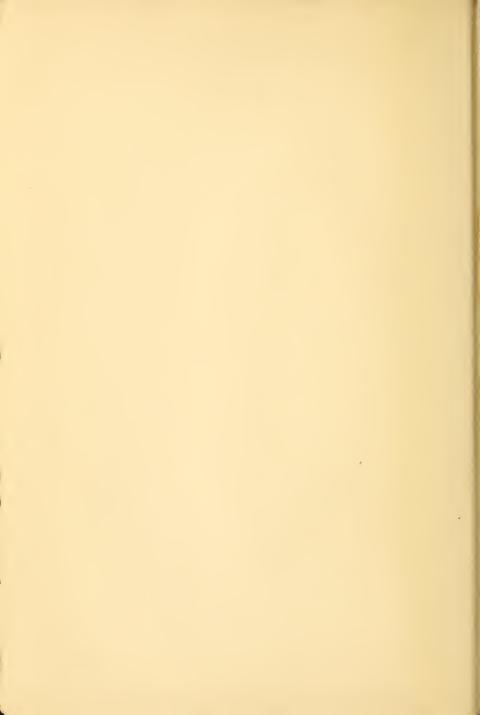
the Work, it is

Dedicated



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INTRODUCTION.

THE first edition of the Seven Great Hymns was published anonymously, years ago, because I did not wish to assume a scholarship which I did not possess. In framing the book the process of selection and rejection was instinctive or intuitive rather than the operation of a well-informed judgment. It was the case of one reaching out for fomething which he intenfely defired to find with the refult of finding it. The purpose of the book was what might be termed exposition—to give to American readers an exposition of the subject by placing before them the greatest of the mediæval hymns, and an exposition of each hymn by appending to it its best translation. Since then there have been immense additions to the English branch of the subject in the form of translations and commentaries; and it would be an easy task now with the material at hand to make this volume

three times its present size; but after traveling around the circle of these years I stop very nearly where I began, for I am now of the opinion that the present edition, with the alterations and additions which it embodies, does about all for the reader in the way of exposition, either of the general subject or of the several hymns, which it is possible for me to do.

During this lapfe of years there have been three books published which should be brought to the attention of any person who may be interested in early religious poetry. The first is the "Christ in Song" of Dr. Schaff. This is not limited to mediæval times, but on the contrary contains a wealth of the best hymns of all times and lands. In it will be found many translations of mediæval hymns with Dr. Schaff's annotations—the annotations of one of the most learned and judicious commentators who ever touched the subject. The second is a small volume of mediæval hymns with translations and notes by the late Erastus C. Benedict, a member of the New York bar. Its title is "The Hymn of Hildebert." The third is the "Christian Life and Song" of Mrs. Charles,

Detter known as the author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. This work sweeps over the whole wide horizon of Greek, Latin and German hymns, and is, in my opinion, the most interesting and trustworthy work of combined history and translation that has ever been published in English. Indeed, I know of no book which so combines the fervor of a religious and poetic temperament with the calm discrimination and good sense of a judicial mind.

During these intervening years, I have not, in the proper sense of the term, pursued the study of mediæval hymns, but there are some conclusions of my maturer judgment which I wish to note; and there are some changes in this final edition which should be explained:

I.

The De Contemptu Mundi is not properly a hymn. It has come to be classed as such in consequence of the admiration of Archbishop Trench and the beautiful paraphrase of Dr. Neale. It cannot, therefore, be compared with the other hymns in this volume, but stands

alone a fragment taken from an extended poem. The subsequent notes, retained from the first edition, will disclose the difficulty, the almost impossibility of translation into English and the incomparable adaptability of the Latin, both for measure and rhyme. Nevertheless, the Rev. Samuel W. Duffield has made a translation in the measure of the original with the intermediate dactylic rhymes and the final double-rhymes, which moreover, is a literal rendering of the poem line for line and often word for word. The introduction of Mr. Duffield is also a valuable essay upon the construction of the verse.

The great difficulty of rendering these mediæval hymns into English is caused by the fact that generally they are both in Latin and in rhyme, and the rhyme is often double-rhyme, an element which is little better than artificial in our monosyllabic English tongue. If the reader will compare the following specimens he will see how far apart translators can be.

The first translation is Mr. Duffield's; the second is one which I made for the Seven Great Hymns; the third, it is needless to say, is Dr. Neale's.

Hora novissima, || tempora pessima || sunt, vigilemus.

Ecce minaciter || imminet arbiter || ille surpremus.

Imminet, imminet || et mala terminet, || æqua coronet,

Recta remuneret, || anxia liberet, || æthera donet,

Auserat aspera || duraque pondera || mentes onussæ,

Sobria muniat, || improba puniat, || utraque juste.

These are the latter times, these are not better times, let us stand waiting:

Lo, how with awfulness He, first in lawfulness, comes arbitrating!

Nearer and nearer yet!—Wrong shall in terror set, right shine refulgent,

Sad ones He liberates, righteous renumerates, ever indulgent;

Harshness He mitigates, burdened souls animates. freeing them lightly;

Holy ones bleffeth He, wicked diffreffeth He—each alike rightly.

Hours of the latest! times of the basest! our vigil before us!

Judgment eternal of Being supernal now hanging o'er us!

Evil to terminate, equity vindicate, cometh the Kingly;

Righteousness seeing, anxious hearts freeing, crowning each fingly,

Bearing life's weariness, tasting life's bitterness, life as it must be

Th' righteous retaining, sinners arraigning, judging all justly.

The world is very evil,

The times are waxing late;
Be fober and keep vigil,

The Judge is at the gate—

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The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom!

II.

The Dies Iræ is undoubtedly the greatest of the mediæval hymns. It stands "majestic and solitary" in the words of Mr. Benedict; its strain is "so clear and deep that its softest tones are heard throughout Christendom," in the words of Mrs. Charles. The zeal of the translator has not cooled, and many translations have been published, and many, unpublished, have been sent to me since the first edition of this work. A second version was made by General Dix, which he deemed superior to the first, but which was unquestionably inferior. The first stanza, for example, is as follows:

Day of vengeance, lo! that morning
On the earth in afhes dawning,
David with the Sibyl warning.

XIV

For this he displaced the stanza of the first version which the Rev. Franklin Johnson has characterized as never surpassed in "its high finish, its delicate suggestion of the antique and its perfection of form." I have, therefore, retained the first version. The effort of translators generally has been to reproduce the double-rhyme of the original; but the truth is that the single-rhyme better preserves for the English reader the two important elements of simplicity and strength. Of such translations I have found none better than that of Mr. Slosson.

In 1883 a translation of the Dies Iræ was published by the Rev. Franklin Johnson, of Chicago, which I regard as the most nearly perfect in form that has ever been made, and which I have incorporated in this edition. Dr. Johnson says in his presace that he published a previous edition in 1865; that the work of translation occupied his attention at frequent intervals during a period of sisteen years, and that there were weeks in succession during which, both day and night, his mind was filled with the stanzas. I may well believe this, for nothing has ever been published which denotes

in the translator such fervor of admiration restrained by such exacting criticism. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that Dr. Johnson so scrupuloufly complied with his own inexorable canons as to dispoil his translation of poetic beauties which might better have been retained. For example, he facrificed the most exact and poetical translation of the thirteenth stanza that has ever been made because it contained the word "fhriven"—because the word shrive "is a fectarian term, and is used in general with reference to the Romish Church, the Dies Iræ being fingularly free from everything peculiar to the communion of which its author was a member." When the word is taken in connection with Him "by whom the thief was shriven," I deem this criticism is too technical and the translation is as free from sectarianism as the original. I have, therefore, taken the liberty of restoring the rejected stanza. Taking this version all in all, its adherence to the measure of the original, its retention of the double-rhyme, its avoidance of the English participle ending in "ing," its prefervation of the ideas and imagery of the original, I doubt

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whether a better translation will ever be made by a translator of the critical school.

Nevertheless, these things must be borne in mind—that power is the great characteristic of the Dies Iræ; that its power cannot be transferred to English verse by means of the weakest form of English words; that the double-rhyme has, to the English ear, something of the jingle of the humorous ballad; and that, if we would feel the strength of the great hymn, we must, foregoing form, go to the old version of Crashaw, or to single-rhyme translations like that of Mr. Slosson.

III.

The Stabat Mater loses more by translation, probably, than any other piece of poetry that was ever written. "The soft, sad melody of its verse is untranslatable" (Dr. Schaff). If we take the lines, melodious in their pathos,

Quæ mærebat et dolebat, Pia mater, dum videbat,

and render them into English as Dr. Schaff has done,

xvii

Who stood grieving, fighs upheaving, Spirit-reaving, bosom-cleaving;

or as Dr. Coles translates them,

Trembling, grieving, bosom-heaving; While perceiving, scarce believing,

we bring them periloufly near to the abfurd.

In a word, free translations do not catch the delicate pathos of the Stabat Mater, and are not echoes of its melody. I have hitherto had an occasion to say that a translator may well make three translations of a poem; one to portray its structure, that is, its measure, melody, movement and rhyme; one to present in detail its ideas and images; and one to produce an impression as similar as possible to that of the original on the mind of the reader. But many renderings do not seem to bring nearer to us the elusive power of this original. The more the Stabat Mater is translated, the farther it drifts from us.

Here, however, I should add that Dr. Franklin Johnson has published a translation of the Stabat Mater—a beautiful poem in a beautiful setting—which probably comes as near to the spirit of the original as English verse will ever bring us.

The Mater Speciofa is not one of the Seven Great Hymns. It has been inferted here because it is closely affociated with the other poem and in some degree an exposition of it. Like the Stabat Mater, it has generally been ascribed to Jacobus de Benedictus, and I have left his name as the reputed author. My own opinion, however, is that it was neither written by him nor before the Stabat Mater. These conclusions rest on what we know of Jacobus and on the internal evidence of the two poems. I. One of them is undisputably secondary—a companion-piece to the other. 2. The Stabat Mater is founded on the scriptural basis of the text in John, "there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother," as the Dies Iræ is founded on the scriptural basis of the terrible text in Joel. This fact alone is sufficient to be termed conclusive; i. e., the poem springs from that text and not from another poem. Converfely, the Mater Speciofa springs from the other poem and not from a scriptural image. The picture in John was the germ of both poems. 3. The Stabat Mater is the poem of the great tragedy of the world; the Mater Speciosa runs upon

lines of ordinary human emotions. It follows the measure and catches the melody and adopts the fentiment of its original; but it is of inferior texture, and in places its pathos verges on the extravagant. 4. One or the other of these two poems has the fundamental element of imitation; it is necessarily a clever piece of literary workmanship, following the other in stanza, in measure, in words, and often in the repetition of lines; it may be melodious, poetical, beautiful, but confessedly it cannot be in the true fense of the term original. If I must choose between the two, I do not hesitate to say that the fecondary poem is the Speciofa. Stabat Mater feems to me one of those marvelous outburfts which feize the hearts and imaginations of men and come down the centuries with unabated power.

IV.

The Veni Sancte Spiritus is still represented by a fingle translation, that of Catherine Winkworth, which is indeed but a translation of a translation, the German. The reader will find a much more actual rendering in Mrs. Charles'

"Christian Life in Song." But here again the two renderings illustrate how the more free is occasionally the more literal; how it may give the leading thought or image of the author which the more critical may overlook. Thus the

Come, Thou Father of the poor, Giver from a boundless store Light of Hearts, O shine!

of Mrs. Charles, miffes the impressive Veni, Veni, Veni of the original, which is splendidly rendered by Miss Winkworth:

> Come, Father of the poor, to earth; Come with Thy gifts of precious worth; Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

V.

The Veni Creator Spiritus has been ascribed to Charlemagne, and in the first edition it was said, with some reservation, that his authorship is not impossible. I have allowed his name to remain at the head of it, but my present conclusion is that it was written before the time of the Great King. Mr. Benedict, judging from internal evidence alone, ascribes it to St. Ambrose, who

died in 397. It feems to me improbable that fo well known a hymn would not have been always claffed with his other hymns, and that it would have flept, if written before 397, for at leaft three hundred years.

VI.

The Vexilla Regis is the fixth of these expositional hymns. The first five, as it were, felected themselves, i. e., there was no question as to their being taken and others left. But at this point the work of rejection began. hymn is not one of the great spiritual hymns of the world; but the object of this compilation was to give an exposition of the subject by hymns which were both representative and celebrated. The Vexilla has indeed been a famous hymn-a hymn of ecclefiaftical warfare and victory which has rung around the world. "In the churches of our own country and time," as the late Prefident Welling has faid, "may be heard fnatches and echoes of that antique poefy which was first intoned in the New World by the Jesuit missionaries and Romish ecclesiastics who planted the cedar and

the cedar-cross along the shores of the Great Lakes and the waters of the West, chanting the while, amidst the painted savages who stood around in their robes of beaver and buffalo, the sonorous passion-hymn of Fortunatus, "Vexilla regis prodeunt."

VII.

The Alleluiatic Sequence may likewise be classed as a famous hymn. It was selected for the same reasons as the Vexilla Regis, and for the additional reason that it is regarded as the parent of every Hallelujah Chorus that has been written since. At the time of the original compilation I hesitated for a long time between it and the De Gloria et Gaudiis Paradisi of Damiani, but at last compromised with my doubts by selecting the chorus but setting forth Mr. Wackerbarth's translation of the De Gloria in the notes to the Celestial Country, where it will now be found.

C. C. Nott.

January, 1902.



THE

CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

RERNARD DE MORLAS, monk of Cluni, is not to be confounded with the great Bernard his contemporary, Abbot of Clairvaux, and Saint in the Romish calendar. The place of his nativity is uncertain, and the years of his birth and of his death are alike unknown. He lived during the first half of the twelfth century; he was born, according to one authority, at Morlaix, in Bretagne; according to another, at Morlas, in the lower Pyrenees; whilst a third gives his birth-place to England, and classes him with her illustrious writers (De illustribus Angliæ Scriptoribus). After seven centuries of comparative forgetfulness, the genius of two English scholars has revived a portion of his works; and hereafter his name will be best known in that country, which may possibly possess his birthplace.

There still survive of his writings five poems, the greatest of which is De Contemptu Mundi. It was written about 1145, and contains three thousand lines, divided into three books. In fubstance the poem is a fatire, unforgiving and severe: in form it is in dactylic hexameter verse. According to Dr. Duffield, to whose judgment I defer, "each line confifts of a first part composed of two dactyls, a second containing two more dactyls, and a third made up of a dactyl and a trochee. The last dactyls of the first and second parts rhyme together, and the lines are in couplets—the final trochees also rhyming. This remark upon the dactylic nature of the rhymes in the first two parts is not made by Neale or Coles or the compiler of the Seven Great Hymns. They all italicife the last two fyllables, whereas it should be the last three, i. e., the foot itself.

Sobria muniat || improba puniat || utraque juste,

is in all respects a perfect line—each foot being a word, and the rhyme unimpeachable."

This verse, so difficult that the English language is incapable of expressing it, is continued through the three thousand lines of the poem. In his preface the monk avows the belief that nothing but the special inspiration of the Spirit of God enabled him to employ it through fo long a poem. After recounting its difficulties, and alluding to the faint attempts of the two great versifiers of his day, Hildebert de Lavardin and Wichard of Lyons, he exclaims: "I "may then affert, not in oftentation, but with "humble confidence, that if I had not received "directly from on high the gift of inspiration "and intelligence, I had not dared to attempt "an enterprise so little accorded to the powers "of the human mind."

[&]quot;This work," fays the author of the Histoire Littéraire de la France, "was drawn from the dust in 1483, and its publication "was achieved on the tenth of December of the same year, at "Paris, in magni domo campi Gaillardi. The Protestants, eager "to gather every thing which appears unfavorable to the Church of Rome, have since multiplied the editions. Some Catholics have also given to it some praises; and surely it merits them, at least by the sentiments of piety which it exhales, and by the "zeal with which the author attacks the abuses of his time."

"In holy Rome the only power is gold; There all is bought-there every thing is fold. Because she is the very way to right, There truth is perished by unholy sleight. Even as the wheel turns, Rome to evil turns, Rome, that spreads fragrance as when incense burns. Rome wrongs mankind, and teaches men the road To flee far off from Righteousness' abode! To feek for ruinous and difgraceful gain, The pallium's felf with fimony to stain. If aught you wish, be sure a goodly bribe Will hafte the fealing of the lingering scribe. Rife! follow! let your penny go before, Seek boldly then the threshold; fear no more That any stumbling-blocks will bar the way, The Pope's own favor you can get for pay-Without that help, 'tis best to keep away."

The opening of this monkish satire on the corruptions of its barbarous age, glows with a description of the Heavenly Land more beautiful than ever before was wrought in verse. This a great scholar of our time has taken from the poem and brought within the reach and notice of the world (Trench). It also has been re-woven into simple English verse, and has received the appropriate name of The Celestial Country.

The translator of The Celestial Country is Dr. John Mason Neale, Warden of Sack-ville College, Sussex, England, the most successful translator of mediæval hymns, and one of the most varied and voluminous writers of the time. "Lays and Legends of the Church of England;" "A Church History for Children;" seven volumes of romances; a history of Greece; a history of Portugal; of the Patriarchate of Alexandria, and of the Jansenist Church of Holland; a large number of tales and hymns for children, and a most learned and elaborate commentary on the Book of Psalms, are included in the long catalogue of his works.

This scholar of Cambridge, and this monk of Cluni, have given to the religious world the sweetest and dearest religious poem that our language contains. Dr. Neale says that he looks upon the lines of Bernard "as the most lovely, "in the same way that the Dies Iræ is the most "fublime, and the Stabat Mater the most pathetic "of mediæval poems," but his own poem may claim more justly that word. The Celestial Country is better than De Contemptu Mundi.

The beautiful fimplicity of its artless, childlike lines portrays more naturally the fervid imagery of the monk. After seven hundred years of darkness, the holy servor of Bernard re-kindles in it as warmly as when in the warmth of his devotion he believed himself specially inspired by the Most High. In another language, at another time, and among those who can but dimly trace his name in the crumbling record of his works, the Rhyme of the poor monk relives to gladden the hearts of other Christians, loved by such as possess its faith, and treasured by the gentless and the best of earth.³

THE

CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

DR. NEALE.

Ι.

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be fober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom!

2.

Arise, arise, good Christian,

Let right to wrong succeed;

Let penitential forrow

To heavenly gladness lead—

To the light that hath no evening,

That knows nor moon nor sun,

The light so new and golden,

The light that is but one.

3.

And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the FATHER,
Whose own it was before,
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

4.

Then, then from his oppressors The Hebrew shall go free, And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the funlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite—
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of slowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.

5.

Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around—
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless—
Yes, calm! for storm is past—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.

That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they fay—
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth;
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.

7.

There nothing can be feeble,

There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,

There nothing can be torn.
'Tis fury, ill, and fcandal,

'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,

The halls of Syon know.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the bleft,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight;
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill—
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.

9.

That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin,
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in;

When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great
(So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate);
And perfect from unperfected,
And fall'n from those that stand,4
And the sheep-slock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand.

10.

And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph then—
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them;
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth—
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified—
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,

Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene,
Who (fed with heavenly nectar
Where foul-like odors play)
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day.

II.

And, through the facred lilies
And flowers on every fide,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide;
Their breafts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.

12.

Their one and only anthem, The fulness of His love, Who gives instead of torment,
Eternal joys above—
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites, is rife.

13.

Brief life is here our portion,

Brief forrow, fhort-liv'd care;

The life that knows no ending—

The tearless life, is there.

14.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal reft;
For mortals and for finners
A manfion with the bleft!
That we fhould look, poor wand'rers,
To have our home on high!
That worms fhould feek for dwelling,
Beyond the ftarry fky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celeftial grace;

For all, for all, who mourn their fall, Is one eternal place.

15.

And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground;
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure—
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after ftorm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

16.

And now we fight the battle,

But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting

And passionless renown:

And now we watch and struggle,

And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

17.

The miferable pleasures
Of the body shall decay;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away;
And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend;
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!

18.

And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow—

The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no fore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lafteth evermore.

19.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall shew Him us, and shewing,
Shall satiate evermo.

20.

By hope we struggle onward:

While here we must be sed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness;
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness.

And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to fee;
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee—
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day;
And every ear shall hear it—
"Behold thy King's array,
Behold thy God in beauty,
The Law hath pas'd away!"

22.

Yes! God my King and Portion,
In fulness of Thy grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship sace to sace.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
For ever shall be changed;

Then all the halls of Syon

For aye shall be complete,
And in the Land of Beauty,

All things of beauty meet.

23.

For thee, O dear, dear Country!

Mine eyes their vigils keep;

For very love, beholding

Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory

Is unction to the breaft,

And medicine in fickness,

And love, and life, and rest.

24.

O one, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy,
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,

The hyffop of the wall;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.6

25.

The Cross is all thy splendor,

The Crucified thy praise;

His laud and benediction

Thy ransomed people raise:

"Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,

True God and Man," they sing,

"The never-failing Garden,

The ever-golden Ring;

The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,

The Guardian of his Court;

The Day-star of Salvation,

The Porter and the Port!"

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower!

27.

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone.
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.

The only art thou needest—
Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest—
The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure,
In sweetest accents, sings
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's!

29.

Jerusalem the golden,

With milk and honey blest,

Beneath thy contemplation

Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, O I know not,

What social joys are there!

What radiancy of glory,

What light beyond compare!

30.

And when I fain would fing them, My spirit fails and faints; And vainly would it image
The affembly of the Saints.

31.

They stand, those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

32.

There is the Throne of David,
And there, from care release,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes Of that eternal hymn!

O facred, fweet refection, And peace of Seraphim!

O thirst, for ever ardent, Yet evermore content!

O true peculiar vision Of God cunctipotent!

Ye know the many mansions For many a glorious name,

And divers retributions

That divers merits claim;
For midft the conftellations

That deck our earthly fky,
This ftar than that is brighter—
And fo it is on high.

34.

Jerusalem the glorious!

The glory of the Elect!

O dear and future vision

That eager hearts expect!

Even now by faith I see thee,
Even here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

35.

Jerusalem the onely,

That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till sesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

36.

O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise!
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device!
Thy loveliness oppress
All human thought and heart;
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art!

New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite!
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord!

38.

And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes,
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the Faith below.

39.

And there the Sole-Begotten Is LORD in regal state—

He, Judah's mystic Lion, He, Lamb Immaculate.

O fields that know no forrow!
O flate that fears no ftrife!

O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of Life!

40.

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit,
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I;
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.

41.

The best and dearest Father, Who made me and who saved, Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved,
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
But grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

42.

O mine, my golden Syon!
O lovelier far than gold,
With laurel-girt battalions,
And fafe victorious fold!
O fweet and bleffed Country,
Shall I ever fee thy face?
O fweet and bleffed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to blefs!
Shall I ever win the prize itfelf?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!

The LORD shall be thy part;

His only, His for ever,

Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Exult, O dust and ashes!

The LORD shall be thy part;

His only, His for ever,

Thou shalt be, and thou art!9

HORA NOVISSIMA.

BERNARD OF CLUNI.

ORA novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.

Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille fupremus. Imminet, imminet et mala terminet, æqua coronet,

Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet, Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentes onustæ, Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque juste.

* * * * *

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur;

Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur;

O retributio! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;

O retributio! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis;

Quid datur et quibus? æther egentibus et cruce dignis,

Sidera vermibus, optima fontibus, astra malignis.

Sunt modò prælia, postmodò præmia; qualia? plena,

Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque pœna: Spe modò vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone; Nunc tribulatio; tunc recreatio, sceptra, coronæ: Tunc nova gloria pectora fobria clarificabit, Solvet enigmata, veraque sabbata continuabit. Liber et hostibus, et dominantibus ibit Hebræus; Liber habebitur et celebrabitur hinc jubilæus. Patria luminis, inscia turbinis, inscia litis, Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israëlitis; Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis, Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis. Tunc erit omnibus inspicientibus ora Tonantis Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax pia sanctis; Pax fine crimine, pax fine turbine, pax fine rixa, Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa. Pars mea Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore Vifus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore. Tunc Jacob Ifraël, et Lia tunc Rachel efficietur, Tunc Syon atria pulcraque patria perficietur.

O bona Patria, lumina fobria te fpeculantur, Ad tua nomina lumina fobria collacrymantur; Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris, Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris. Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradifus, Non ibi lacryma, sed placidistima gaudia, risus. Est ibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo; Sunt radiantia jaspide mænia, clara pyropo: Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus; Est tua sabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque Christus.

Tu fine littore, tu fine tempore, fons modò rivus,

Dulce bonis fapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus. Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora, Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora: Candida lilia, viva monilia sunt tibi, Sponsa, Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa: Tota negocia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare, Tam mala debita, quàm bona præbita conjubilare.

Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea, cive decora, Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora. Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis, Quàm socialia gaudia, gloria quàm specialis: Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit: O bona gloria, vincor; in omnia laus tua vicit.
Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena:
Est ibi pascua, mitibus assua, præstita sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus
albis

Sunt fine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis; Sunt fine crimine, funt fine turbine, funt fine lite

In Syon ædibus editioribus Ifraëlitæ.

Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,

Tu bona vifibus interioribus intima pandis:

Intima lumina, mentis acumina te speculantur,

Pectora flammea spe modò, postea sorte lucrantur.

Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cœlo, Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristor, anhelo:

Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro, Sed caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado retro

Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore, Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia plena decore; Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, O Syon, O pax,

Urbs fine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi mendax;

O fine luxibus, O fine luctibus, O fine lite Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitæ! Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto, Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, faluto;

Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto morte perire,

Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ; Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita, Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita. Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque fideque,

Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque.

Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit;
In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, à lue lavit.

Gratia cœlica sustinet unica totius orbis,
Parcere sordibus, interioribus unctio morbis;
Diluit omina cœlica gratia, sons David undans
Omnia diluit, omnibus assuit, omnia mundans;
O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere præsta,

Ut videam bona, festaque consona, cœlica festa.

O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,

Agmine splendida, stans duce, florida perpete lauro,

O bona patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?

O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo?

Dic mihi, flagito, verbaque reddito, dicque, videbis.

Spem folidam gero; remne tenens ero? dic, Retinebis

O facer, O pius, O ter et amplius ille beatus,

Cui fua pars Deus, O mifer, O reus hâc viduatus. 10

NOTES.

1 "Le surnom de Bernard varie en trois manières dans les manuscrits. Les uns l'expriment par Morlanensis qui Pitseus rapporte à une ville d'Angleterre sans la designer; les autres portent Morvalensis, que Fabricius explique de la vallée de Maurienne; il en est ensin où l'on trouve Morlacensis, qu'on peut appliquer ou à Morlaix en Basse-Bretagne, ou à la Morlas dans le comté de Bigorre. Mais il est certain, 1°, que la seconde dénomination est la plus rare; 2°, que les anciennes chartes emploient indisseremment les deux autres pour marquer un citoyen de la derniere ville, ce qui nous sait pencher à la regarder comme la vraie patrie de Bernard."—Histoire Littéraire de la France.

Dr. Neale says that Bernard was "born at Morlaix in Bretagne, but of English parents." Trench calls him "the contemporary and fellow-countryman of his more illustrious namesake of Clairvaux." Pitseus simply says, "Natione Angliis, ordinis S. Benedisti, Monachus Cluniacensis."

² In his introduction to "The Celestial Country," Dr. Neale says:—"I have here deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the measure of the original; because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly sail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness of the Latin."—

Mediæval Hymns and Sequences. London, 2d Edition.

3 "As a contrast to the misery and pollution of earth," says Dr. Neale, "the poem [De Contemptu Mundi] opens with a description of the peace and glory of heaven, of such rare beauty

as not eafily to be matched by any mediæval composition on the same subject. Dean Trench, in his 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' gave a very beautiful cento of ninety-five lines from the work. From that cento I translated the larger part in the first edition of the present book, following the arrangement of Dean Trench, and not that of Bernard. The great popularity which my translation, however inferior to the original, attained, is evinced by the very numerous hymns compiled from it, which have found their way into modern collections; so that in some shape or other the Cluniac's verses have become, as it were, naturalized among us. This led me to think that a fuller extract from the Latin, and a further translation into English, might not be unacceptable to the lovers of sacred poetry."

"It would be most unthankful did I not express my gratitude to God for the favor He has given some of the centos made from the poem, but especially Jerusalem the Golden. It has sound a place in some twenty hymnals; and for the last two years it has hardly been possible to read any newspaper, which gives prominence to ecclesiastical news, without seeing its employment chronicled at some dedication or other sestival. It is also a great favorite with differences, and has obtained admission to the Roman Catholic services. 'And I say this,' to quote Bernard's own preface, 'in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly.'

"But more thankful still am I that the Cluniac's verses should have soothed the dying hours of many of God's servants, the most striking instance, of which I know, is related in the memoir published by Mr. Brownlow, under the title, A Little Child shall lead them; where he says that the child of whom he writes, when suffering agonies which the medical attendants declared to be almost unparalleled, would lie without a murmur or motion, while the whole sour hundred lines were read.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I look on these verses of Bernard as the most lovely, in the same way that the Dies Iræ is the most sublime, and the Stabat Mater the most pathetic of mediæval poems. They are even superior to that glorious hymn on the same subject, the De Gloria et Gaudiis Paradisi of St. Peter Damiani. For the sake of comparison, I quote some of the most striking stanzas of the latter, availing myself of the admirable translation of Mr. Wackerbarth (Med. Hymns, 2d Edition, London):

THE GLORY AND JOYS OF PARADISE.

THERE nor waxing moon, nor waning
Sun nor stars in courses bright;
For the LAMB to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

For the Saints, in beauty beaming,
Shine in light and glory pure;
Crowned in triumph's flushing honors,
Joy in unifon secure;
And in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done;
For the siesh made spiritual
And the soul agree in one;
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being;
Passingness hath passed away;
Here they bloom, they thrive, they slourish,
For decayed is all decay:
Lasting energy hath swallowed
Darkling death's malignant sway.

Though each one's respective merit
Hath its varying palm affigned,
Love takes all as his possession,
Where his power hath all combined;
So that all that each possessions
All partake in unconfined.

Christ, Thy foldiers' palm of honor,
Unto this Thy city free
Lead me when my warfare's girdle
I shall cast away from me—
A partaker in Thy bounty
With Thy blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigor, while I labor
In the ceaseless battle pressed,
That Thou mayst, the conslict over,
Grant me everlasting rest;
And I may at length inherit
Thee, my portion ever blest."

"Archdeacon Trench fays very well, after referring to the Ode of Casimir (the great Latin poet of Poland), Urit me Patriæ decor, that both 'turn upon the same theme, the heavenly home-sickness; but with all the classical beauty of the Ode,

and it is great, who does not feel that the poor Cluniac monk's is the more real and deep utterance?'

"The Ode, however, is well worthy of a translation, and here is an attempt:

IT KINDLES ALL MY SOUL.

IT kindles all my foul, My Country's loveliness! Those starry choirs That watch around the pole, And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires Through golden halls that roll. O chorus of the night! O planets, fworn The music of the spheres To follow! Lovely watchers, that think fcorn To rest till day appears! Me, for celestial homes of glory born, Why here, oh why fo long, Do ye behold an exile from on high? Here, O ye shining throng, With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie: Here let me drop my chain, And dust to dust returning, cast away The trammels that remain;

4 These two lines are taken from the last London edition.
In some editions they are thus given:

The rest of me shall spring to endless day!"

"And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fallen from them that stand."

5 "Leah and Rachel are allegorized in three different ways by mediæval poets. First, of the active and contemplative life; and thence also, by an easy transition, to the toil we endure on earth, and the eternal contemplation of God's glory in Heaven as here. So again, in a fine but rugged prose in the Nuremberg Missal for St. Jerome's Day:

Then, when all carnal strife hath ceased,
And we from warfare are released,
O grant us in that Heavenly Feast
To see Thee as Thou art:
To Leah give, the battle won,
Her Rachel's dearer heart;
To Martha, when the strife is done,
Her Mary's better part.

"The parallel symbol of Martha and Mary is, however, in this sense far more common, and is even found in epitaphs, as in that of Gundreda de Warren, daughter of William the Conqueror:

A Martha to the houseless poor, a Mary in her love; And though her Martha's part be gone, her Mary's lives above.

"Bernard, in the passage we are considering, has a double propriety in the changes of which he speaks. Is according to St. Augustine's rendering, means, He that beholds God; Rachel, according to the unwarrantable mediæval explanation, That beholds the Beginning, i. e., Christ. Thus, the change spoken of is from earth to the Beatissic Vision; and has a reference also to the New Name and White Stone of the Apocalypse.

"The second allegory of Leah and Rachel expounds them of the Synagogue and the Church; the third makes them to represent earthly affliction patiently endured"—Mediæval Hymns. 2d Edition. 6 "It is not without a deep mystical meaning that these stones are selected by the poet.

"The twelve foundation stones of the Apocalypse gave rise, as might be expected, to an infinite variety of mystical interpretations. 'Jasper,' says the comment of Marbodus, 'is the first foundation of the Church of God, and is of a green color.' 'It fignifies those who always hold the Faith of God and never depart from it, or wither, but are always flourishing therein, and fear not the affaults of the devil.' 'The emerald is exceeding green, furpassing all gems and herbs in greenness.' 'By the emerald we understand those who excel others in the vigor of their faith, and dwell among infidels who be frigid and arid in their love.' 'The fardius, which is wholly red, fignifies the martyrs who pour forth their blood for Christ.' 'The topaz is rare, and therefore precious. It has two colors, one like gold, the other clearer. In clearness it surpasses all gems, and nothing is more beautiful. It fignifies those who love God and their neighbor,' 'The amethyst is entirely red, and shoots out rosy flames. Its color signifies earthly fuffering; its emissions, prayers for those that cause it." -Mediæval Hymns. 2d Edition.

7 These stanzas are evidently considered by Dr. Neale his best. See page 37. In deference to that opinion, they are given here in the form in which they appear in the last edition of Mediæval Hymns.

8 "Decacbord, with reference to the mystical explanation, which, feeing in the number ten a type of perfection, understands the 'instrument of ten strings' of the perfect harmony of heaven."

9 "I have been so often asked to what tune the words of Bernard may be sung, that I may here mention that of Mr. Ewing, the earliest written, the best known, and with children the most

popular; that of my friend, the Rev. H. L. Jenner, perhaps the most ecclesiastical; and that of another friend, Mr. Edmund Sedding, which, to my mind, best expresses the meaning of the words."—Mediæval Hymns. 2d Edition.

10 No copy of *De Contemptu Mundi* is known to be in the United States, and hence the extract given is only the cento from Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, preceded by the first six lines of the poem. It is the part first translated by Dr. Neale, beginning at the line, "Brief life is here our portion."

NOTE, that in this edition of The Celefial Country these changes have been made:

Ist. The poem has been divided into irregular stanzas. This change of form is partly for the convenience of those who love to refer and re-refer to favorite passages; partly to enable children readily to select from it stanzas to be learned or sung; but chiefly to render its intermingling sentences more clear to those who have not become familiar with its construction.

2d. The punctuation has been materially remodelled and changed.

3d. The author's text has been altered in three instances, wherein the errors corrected seem manifestly slips of the pen or blunders of the compositor, viz., in the ninth stanza, line fourteen, "those" is substituted for "them;" in the twenty-second stanza, line two, "Thy" is substituted for "His," and in the forty-first stanza, line nine, "But" is substituted for "And."

THE DIES IRÆ.

FRANCISCAN monk named Thomas, born near the beginning of the thirteenth century, at Celano, a Neapolitan village, achieved fome reputation in his time as the friend and biographer of St. Francis de Affifi, founder of the Order of Minorites. About the year 1250, as is supposed, he wrote a brief lyric, which, reaching above and beyond his creed and time, has entered in some form into the worship of every Christian people. In the Romish Burial Service it forms the Sequence for the Dead, and is fung with folemn majesty at the great Sixtine Chapel, while portions of it enter into the praife or meditations of nearly "all who profess and call themselves Christians." So that, becoming more highly esteemed, and more generally known with each century of its long hiftory, it is at the present time both sung at Rome and approved by all Protestant Christendom.

A long list might be framed of the great who have avowed for it a supreme admiration, excelling that yielded to any other composition of its kind. And such a roll would contain the names of men of different countries as of different creeds; of foldiers, statesmen and poets; of historians, Churchmen, and composers, upon whose lips it has hovered, and in whose works it has been engraved. Mozart, Haydn, Goethe, Schlegel, Johnson, Dryden, Scott, Milman, and Jeremy Taylor would be among these names.

This lyric, which is the greatest of hymns, nevertheless is cast in the simplest of forms. Beginning with an exclamation from the Scriptures, it continues through its few stanzas the address of a single actor upon a single subject. Its measure could not be more artless, nor its stanzas more simple. The august language in which it is clothed, it has bent into the form of rhyme, and this rhyme is of a kind which is said to be wanting in dignity, and better adapted to comic than to elevated verse. Yet it commands the homage of the Englishman, the German, the Italian, and the modern Greek;

and even possesses for strange a gift of fascination, a gift in which no other composition equals and but one other approaches it, that the very sound of its words will allure him who is ignorant of their meaning.

This marvellous power cannot be measured and defined, yet a distinguished American clergyman has thus closely analyzed it: "Com-"bining somewhat of the rhythm of classical Latin, with the rhymes of the mediæval Latin, "treating of a theme full of awful sublimity, and grouping together the most startling imagery of Scripture as to the last Judgment, and throwing this into yet stronger relief by the barbaric sim-"plicity of the style in which it is set, and adding to all these its full and trumpet-like cadences, and uniting with the impassioned feelings of the South, whence it emanated, the gravity of the North, whose severe style it adopted."—Dr. W. R. Williams.

The Great Hymn has ever allured and eluded translators. Its apparent artlessness and simplicity indicate that it can be turned readily into another language, but its secret power refuses to

be thus transferred. A German theologian (Lifco, Berlin, 1843) has collected and published eighty-seven versions, nearly all of which are in the German. In our English tongue the task of rendering the Latin into verse of the same measure is more difficult, and some of our translators have sought to reproduce the form, and others to preserve the power of the original. The reader of Scott will remember with what strength a sew stanzas burst on us in the first reading of "The Lay." In form and meaning they hardly claim the name of a translation, yet they have caught the spirit of the hymn with a vividness that nothing in our language equals.

The mass was sung, and prayers were said,
And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit's weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song—
DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA!
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;

While the pealing organ rung;

Were it meet with facred strain

To close my lay so light and vain,

Thus the holy Fathers sung:

That day of wrath, that dreadful day! When heaven and earth shall pass away, What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When shrivelling like a parchèd scroll
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day When man to judgment wakes from clay, Be Thou the trembling finner's flay, Though heaven and earth fhall pass away! I.

The established version of the hymn is known as that of Paris. It differs in but one line from that of Rome, which has for the third line of the first stanza, Crucis expandens vexilla.

There have been stanzas prefixed to the hymn and others added; but, in its great strength, it has shaken off all such spurious additions. A marble slab in the Church of St. Francis, at Mantua, bore a copy of the hymn prefaced by sive stanzas, which many scholars have thought, from the great age of the church, authentic. But the church is a century younger than the hymn, and these stanzas condemn themselves:

Dies illa, dies iræ Quam conemur prævenire, Obveamque Deo iræ.

The inversion of the Scriptural text, the poverty of the rhyme, and the weakness of the thought, are not faults of the DIES IRÆ. Its author undoubtedly took the quotation from Zephaniah as a text, and placed it at the head

of his composition; and the inversion, "Dies illa, dies ira," is the play upon words to which an imitator alone would resort.

II.

The author of the first translation given in this volume, in a preface to his work, says:

"A production univerfally acknowledged to have no superior of its class should be as lit"erally rendered as the structure of the lan"guage into which it is translated will admit.
"Moreover, no translation can be complete which does not conform to the original in its "rhythmic quantities. The music of the Dies IRÆ is as old as the hymn, if not older; and with those who are familiar with both, they are inseparably connected in thought. To statisfy the exactions of such minds, the ca"dences must be the same."

In this endeavor the author has fo well fucceeded, that when this version is compared stanza by stanza with the original, it will be found to be in the same trochaic measure, in the fame difficult double rhyme, in stanzas of the same triplicate construction, and, with sewest errors, to be as a translation the most literal and just that has been made. Yet this success in letters was achieved by a soldier, during the gloomiest period of a great and distracting war. The author is Major-General John A. Dix, U. S. V., and the translation was made at Fortress Monroe, in the second year of the Rebellion.

III.

The intense power of the Great Hymn is also exemplified in the different renderings which have been made by the same author. Dr. Abraham Coles, an American physician, has performed indeed the remarkable task of making thirteen different versions; six of which are in the trochaic measure and double rhyme of the hymn, and all are sufficiently distinct and original to form the creditable work of thirteen different men. This version is the first of Dr. Coles.

IV.

The next version is that of the Rev. Franklin Johnson, spoken of in the introduction and now substituted in the place of one of Dr. Coles'.

V.

This version is by that nobleman of whom Pope has written:

"Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good, Of manners generous as his noble blood: To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known, And every author's merit but his own."

And of whom Dryden has confessed:

"It was my Lord Roscommon's essay on translated verse which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of sollowing his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice."

And of whom Johnson has recorded:

"At the moment in which he expired, he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed

"the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of DIES IRÆ:

'My God, my Father, and my Friend, Do not forfake me in my end.'"

In the beautiful fervor of its devotion, Roscommon's excels all other translations, but its verse is not that of the DIES IRÆ.

VI.

Crashaw, the contemporary of Herbert, and friend of Cowley, is the author of this version. It is the oldest in our language (1646), though there is a weak paraphrase by Drummond of Hawthornden, beginning:

Ah, filly foul! what wilt thou fay When He, whom heaven and earth obey, Comes man to judge in the last day!

No translation surpasses Crashaw's in strength, but the form of his stanza and the measure of his verse are least like those of the original.

VII.

The version of Dr. W. J. Irons may be regarded as the accepted version of the present day in Great Britain, and is the one selected by the Hymnal Noted. It is in the double rhyme and measure of the original, and parts of it bear a striking resemblance to the American version of General Dix. But a much more curious coincidence in conception, with an absolute identity of language in many parts, exists in the unpublished version of an accomplished translator (Mr. A. Périès, of Philadelphia), wherein several stanzas differ but little from those of General Dix. The eleventh stands as follows:

"Righteous Judge of retribution, Grant us finners absolution Ere the day of dissolution!"

VIII.

It is a notable fact in the history of the DIES IRÆ, that the best English translations which we possess are not the work of our

great poets. A recent version, which so capable and accomplished a critic as Mr. Prime pronounces to be "in many respects the best English version hitherto produced, and peculiarly valuable for those who do not read the Latin, and who desire to gain some idea of the power and beauty of this most celebrated hymn of the Church," also illustrates this remarkable sact. The author is Edward Slosson, Esq., of the bar of New York.

And in this connection it may be observed, that even so accomplished a master in prose and verse as Macaulay has succeeded no better in the difficult task than is shown by his version written for the London Christian Observer in 1826, beginning—

"On that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away.
Thus the Sibyl sang of old;
Thus hath holy David told.
There shall be a deadly fear
When the Avenger shall appear;
And, unveiled before his eye,
All the works of men shall lie."

I.

THOMAS DE CELANO.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA, dies tribulationis et angustiæ, dies calamitatis et miseriæ, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulæ et turbinis, dies tubæ et clangoris super civitatis munitas, et super angulos excelsos!—Sophonia, i. 15, 16.

I.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA! Solvet fæclum in favillâ, Teste David cum Sybillâ.

II.

Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando Judex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus.

III.

Tuba mirum fpargens fonum Per fepulcra regionum, Coget omnes ante thronum.

II.

GENERAL DIX.

THAT DAY, A DAY OF WRATH, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the bigh towers!—Zephaniah, i. 15, 16.

I.

Pay of vengeance, without morrow! Earth shall end in slame and forrow, As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

2.

Ah! what terror is impending, When the Judge is feen descending, And each secret veil is rending.

3.

To the throne, the trumpet founding, Through the fepulchres refounding, Summons all, with voice aftounding.

IV.

Mors stupebit, et natura, Quum resurget creatura, Judicanti responsura.

v.

Liber scriptus proferetur, In quo totum continetur, Unde mundus judicetur.

VI.

Judex ergo cum fedebit, Quidquid latet, apparebit: Nil inultum remanebit.

VII.

Quid fum, mifer! tunc dicturus, Quem patronum rogaturus, Quum vix justus fit securus?

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking, When, the grave's long flumber breaking, Man to judgment is awaking.

5.

On the written Volume's pages, Life is shown in all its stages— Judgment-record of past ages!

6.

Sits the Judge, the raifed arraigning, Darkest mysteries explaining, Nothing unavenged remaining.

7.

What shall I then say, unsriended, By no advocate attended, When the just are scarce defended?

VIII.

Rex tremendæ majestatis, Qui salvandos salvas gratis, Salva me, sons pietatis!

IX.

Recordare, Jesu pie, Quod sum causa tuæ viæ; Ne me perdas illå die!

x.

Quærens me, fedisti lassus, Redemisti, crucem passus: Tantus labor non sit cassus.

XI.

Juste Judex ultionis, Donum fac remisfionis Ante diem rationis.

King of majesty tremendous, By Thy saving grace defend us, Fount of pity, safety send us!

9.

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing, For my fins the death-crown wearing, Save me, in that day, defpairing.

10.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me; By Thy cross and passion bought me— Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

II.

Righteous Judge of retribution, Give, O give me absolution Ere the day of dissolution.

XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus, Culpâ rubet vultus meus; Supplicanti parce, Deus!

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

XIV.

Preces meæ non funt dignæ, Sed Tu bonus fac benigne Ne perenni cremer igne!

XV.

Inter oves locum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextrâ.

As a guilty culprit groaning, Flushed my face, my errors owning, Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning!

13.

Thou to Mary gav'st remission, Heard'st the dying thief's petition, Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

14.

In my prayers no grace difcerning, Yet on me Thy favor turning, Save my foul from endless burning.

15.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding Thou art from the goats dividing, On Thy right a place abiding!

XVI.

Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acribus addictis, Voca me cum benedictis!

XVII.

Oro fupplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis, Gere curam mei finis.

XVIII.

Lacrymosa dies illa! Qua resurget ex favilla. Judicandus homo reus; Huic ergo parce, Deus!

When the wicked are confounded, And by bitter flames furrounded, Be my joyful pardon founded!

17.

Proftrate, all my guilt difcerning, Heart as though to ashes turning; Save, O save me from the burning!

18.

Day of weeping, when from ashes Man shall rise mid lightning stasses, Guilty, trembling with contrition, Save him, Father, from perdition!

III.

DR. COLES.

I.

Pay of wrath, that day of burning, Seer and fibyl speak concerning, All the world to ashes turning.

2.

Oh, what fear shall it engender, When the Judge shall come in splendor, Strict to mark and just to render.

3.

Trumpet scattering sounds of wonder, Rending sepulchres asunder, Shall resistless summons thunder. DR. JOHNSON.

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning!
Earth shall end, to ashes turning:
Thus sing Saint and Seer discerning.

2.

Ah, the dread beyond expression
When the Judge in awful session
Searcheth out the world's transgression!

3.

Then is heard a found of wonder: Mighty blafts of trumpet-thunder Rend the sepulchers asunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver, And great Nature's frame shall quiver, When the graves their dead deliver.

5.

Book where actions are recorded, All the ages have afforded Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

6.

When shall sit the Judge unerring, He'll unfold all here occurring, No just vengeance then deferring.

7.

What shall I say, that time pending?
Ask what advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

What can e'er that woe resemble Where even Death and Nature tremble As the rising throngs assemble!

5.

Vain, my foul, is all concealing; For the Book is brought, revealing Every deed and thought and feeling.

6.

On His throne the Judge is feated, And our fins are loud repeated, And to each is vengeance meted.

7.

Wretched me! How gain a hearing, Where the righteous falter, fearing, At the pomp of His appearing?

Dreadful King, all power possessing, Saving freely those confessing, Save Thou me, O Fount of Blessing!

9.

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season!

10.

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted, On the cross Thy soul death tasted: Let such travail not be wasted!

II.

Righteous Judge of retribution! Make me gift of absolution Ere that day of execution!

King of majesty and splendor, Fount of pity, true and tender, Be, Thyself, my strong defender.

9.

From Thy woes my hope I borrow:
I did cause Thy way of sorrow:
Do not lose me on that morrow.

10.

Seeking me, Thou weary sankest,
Nor from scourge and cross Thou shrankest
Make not vain the cup Thou drankest.

II.

Thou wert righteous even in flaying; Yet forgive my guilty straying, Now, before that day dismaying.

Culprit-like I plead, heart-broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token:
Let the pardoning word be spoken!

13.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission, Heard'st the dying thief's petition, Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

14.

Though my prayers be void of merit, What is needful, Thou confer it, Left I endless fire inherit!

15.

Be there, Lord, my place decided With Thy sheep, from goats divided, Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

Though my fins with shame suffuse me, Though my very moans accuse me, Canst Thou, Loving One, refuse me?

13.

He by whom the Thief was shriven And the Magdalen forgiven Grants to me the hope of Heaven.

14.

Though unworthy my petition, Grant me full and free remission, And redeem me from perdition.

15.

Be my lot in love decreed me: From the goats in fafety lead me; With Thy sheep forever feed me.

When th' accurfed away are driven, To eternal burnings given, Call me with the bleffed to heaven!

17.

I befeech Thee, proftrate lying, Heart as ashes, contrite, fighing, Care for me when I am dying!

18.

Day of tears and late repentance, Man shall rise to hear his sentence: Him, the child of guilt and error, Spare, LORD, in that hour of terror!

When Thy foes are all confounded, And with bitter flames furrounded, Call me to Thy blifs unbounded.

17.

From the dust, I pray Thee, hear me: When my end shall come, be near me; Let Thy grace sustain and cheer me.

18.

Ah, that day, that day of weeping, When, no more in ashes sleeping, Man shall rise and stand before Thee! Spare him, spare him, I implore Thee.

V.

EARL ROSCOMMON.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day, Shall the whole world in ashes lay, As David and the Sibyls say.

2.

What horror will invade the mind When the strict Judge, who would be kind, Shall have few venial faults to find.

3.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous found Shall through the rending tombs rebound, And wake the nations under ground. VI.

RICHARD CRASHAW

I.

HEAR'ST thou, my foul, what ferious things
Both the Pfalm and Sibyl fings
Of a fure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away!

2.

O that Fire! before whose face Heaven and earth shall find no place: O those Eyes! whose angry light Must be the day of that dread night.

3.

O that Trump! whose blast shall run An even round with th' circling Sun, And urge the murmuring graves to bring Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Nature and death shall with surprise Behold the pale offender rise, And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

5.

Then shall, with universal dread, The sacred, mystic book be read To try the living and the dead.

6.

The Judge ascends His awful throne; He makes each secret sin be known, And all with shame confess their own.

7.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake
When the most just have cause to quake!

4

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come, we come!" and all
The caves of night answer one call.

5.

O that book! whose leaves so bright Will set the world in severe light. O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye None can endure, yet none can sly.

6.

Ah then, poor soul! what wilt thou say? And to what patron choose to pray, When stars themselves shall stagger, and The most firm soot no more shall stand?

7.

But Thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
And with the wings of Thine own dove
Fly to Thy sceptre of soft love!

Thou mighty, formidable King!
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

9.

Forget not what my ranfom cost; Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost, In storms of guilty terrors tost.

10.

Thou who for me didst seel such pain, Whose precious blood the cross did stain, Let not these agonies be vain!

II.

Thou whom avenging powers obey, Cancel my debt, too great to pay, Before the fad accounting day!

Dear [LORD], remember in that day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way;
Thy sheep was strayed, and Thou wouldst be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me!

9.

Shall all that labor, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

IO.

Just Mercy, then, Thy reck'ning be With my price, and not with me; 'Twas paid at first with too much pain To be paid twice, or once in vain.

II.

Mercy, my Judge, mercy I cry, With blufhing cheek and bleeding eye; The confcious colors of my fin Are red without, and pale within.

Surrounded with amazing fears, Whose load my foul with anguish bears, I figh, I weep! accept my tears!

13.

Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief, And by absolving of the thief Hast given me hope, now give relief!

14.

Reject not my unworthy prayer; Preferve me from the dangerous snare Which death and gaping hell prepare.

15.

Give my exalted foul a place Among Thy chosen right-hand race, The fons of God and heirs of grace.

O let Thine own foft bowels pay Thyfelf, and so discharge that day! If Sin can sigh, Love can forgive, O, say the word, my soul shall live!

13.

Those mercies which Thy Mary found, Or who Thy cross confess'd and crowned, Hope tells my heart the same loves be Still alive, and still for me.

14.

Though both my prayers and tears combine, Both worthless are, for they are mine; But Thou Thy bounteous self still be, And show Thou art by saving me.

15.

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim The flocks of goats to folds of slame, And all Thy lost sheep found shall be, Let "Come ye blessed" then call me!

From that infatiable abyfs, Where flames devour and ferpents hifs, Promote me to thy feat of blifs.

17.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend, My God, my Father, and my Friend: Do not forsake me in my end!

18.1

Well may they curse their second breath Who rise to a reviving death: Thou great Creator of mankind, Let guilty man compassion find!

When the dread "ITE" fhall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand!

17.

O, hear a suppliant heart all crush'd, And crumbled into contrite dust! My hope, my fear—my Judge, my Friend! Take charge of me, and of my end!

VII.

DR. IRONS.

I.

DAY of Wrath! O Day of mourning! See! once more the Cross returning, Heav'n and earth in ashes burning!

2.

O what fear man's bosom rendeth, When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth, On whose sentence all dependeth!

3.

Wondrous found the Trumpet flingeth, Through earth's fepulchres it ringeth, All before the throne it bringeth! VIII.

MR. SLOSSON.

I.

Psalmist thus and Sibyl say.

2.

What fwift terrors then shall fall, When descends the Judge of all, Every action to recall!

3.

When the trump, with wondrous tone Through the graves of nations gone, Bids the race confront the Throne.

Death is struck, and nature quaking, All creation is awaking, To its Judge an answer making!

5.

Lo, the Book, exactly worded! Wherein all hath been recorded; Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6.

When the Judge His feat attaineth, And each hidden deed arraigneth, Nothing unaveng'd remaineth.

7.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading, Who for me be interceding, When the just are mercy needing?

Death shall die—fair nature too; As the creature, ris'n anew, Answers to his God's review.

5.

HE the fcroll of fate fhall fpread, Writ with all things done or faid, Thence to judge th' awaken'd dead.

6.

Lo! He takes His feat of light; All that's dark shall leap to fight, Guilt, the sword of vengeance smite.

7.

What can I, then, wretched, plead? Who will mediate in my need When the just shall scarce succeed?

King of majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Fount of pity! then befriend us!

9.

Think! Kind Jesu, my salvation Caus'd Thy wondrous Incarnation; Leave me not to reprobation!

10.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me, On the Cross of suffering bought me; Shall such grace be vainly brought me!

II.

Righteous Judge of retribution, Grant Thy gift of absolution, Ere that reck'ning day's conclusion!

King majestic! Sovereign dread! Saving all for whom He bled, Save Thou me! Salvation's Head!

9.

Holy Jesus! priceless stay! Think! for me Thy bleeding way! Lose me not, upon That Day.

10.

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought, By the Cross, my crown hast bought; Can such anguish be for naught?

II.

Oh! avenging Judge severe, Grant remission, full and clear, Ere th' accounting day appear.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning, All my shame with anguish owning; Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning!

13.

Thou, the finful woman favest, Thou, the dying thief forgavest; And to me a hope vouchsafest!

14.

Worthless are my pray'rs and fighing, Yet, good Lord, in grace complying, Rescue me from fires undying!

15.

With Thy favor'd fheep, O place me! Nor among the goats abase me; But to Thy right hand upraise me.

Like a guilty thing I moan, Flush'd my cheek, my fins I own, Hear, O God, Thy suppliant's groan!

13.

Magdalen found grace with Thee, So the thief upon the tree; Hope Thou givest e'en to me.

14.

Worthless are my vows, I know, Yet, dear Lord, Thy pity show, Lest I fink in endless woe.

15.

From the goats my lot divide, With Thy lambs a place provide, On Thy right and near Thy fide.

While the wicked are confounded, Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded, Call me! with Thy faints furrounded.

17.

Low I kneel, with heart fubmission; See, like ashes, my contrition; Help me, in my last condition!

18.

Ah! that Day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare! O God, in mercy, spare him!

Lord, who didst our souls redeem, Grant a blessed Requiem! Amen.

When th' accursed fink in shame, Given to tormenting slame, With Thy blessed call my name.

17.

Bowed to earth, I strive in prayer; Heart like cinders, see, I bear; Its last throbbing be Thy care!

18.

AH! THAT DAY of burning tears, When from ashes reappears Man all guilt, his doom to bear— SPARE HIM, GOD! IN MERCY, SPARE!

THE STABAT MATER.

THE STABAT MATER, with the Dies Iræ, possesses the power of imparting a shadowy impression of its meaning by the melody of its verse. Its soft, sad cadence echoes the feeling of its pathetic words. In same it ranks next to the Dies Iræ, yet is neither so simple nor so grand; nor does it rise, like the Great Hymn, above sectarian saults. It has attracted the same great admiration, and been praised and repeated by the same great admirers, but always in a lesser degree. As the Dies Iræ has been pronounced the greatest, so the STABAT MATER universally is deemed the most pathetic of hymns.

The life of its author was in fit keeping with its plaintive utterances. He was born at Todi, of the noble Italian house of Benedette, and rose to distinction as a jurist. A few years

after the Dies Iræ was written (1268), he lost his wife, and, broken-hearted, renounced the world to join, like Thomas of Celano, the Order of St. Francis. In the ardor of his devotion, he tried to atone by self-sought tortures not only for his own sins, but, like our Saviour, for the sins of others. At last his sorrows sank into insarity and ended in death.

Dying about the time that Petrarch was born, and while Dante was still a young man, his Cantate Spirituali mark the dawning day of the Italian language. In an old Venetian copy of these, the historian of the Franciscans (Wadding) found a number of Latin poems, amongst which was the STABAT MATER, and thus established for the Order of St. Francis the honor of producing, within the same century, the two most celebrated of Latin hymns.

When the first edition of this book was published, there was a weakness in the English exposition of the STABAT MATER which no search after fitting translations could cure, and the reader was warned that sew English versions had been made, and not one that strictly pre-

ferved its measure. That of Lord Lindsay was selected, and is still retained, as best expressing the pathos of the original. Since then, however, this portion of our literature has received such additions as will render the exposition of the most pathetic of hymns as complete as it probably ever can be made.

The first of these new versions is by the accomplished soldier whose version of the Dies Iræ previously is given. The fact is noticeable that while his accurate rhythmic translation of the "Great Hymn" was written amidst the din of war, and while its author was on duty in the field, this pathetic version of the STABAT MATER has been composed while its author was surrounded by the gayeties of the French capital, and engrossed in his duties as Minister Plenipotentiary. In a private letter, General Dix says:—

"As I proceeded, I could not but think under how much more favorable circumstances than mine JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS must have written the immortal hymn. He was in all probability sitting in his narrow cell, the external world entirely shut out, with nothing before him but a crucifix, to which it was only necessary to lift his eyes for aid when he felt the spirit of inspiration slag-

ging. On the other hand, I was compelled to write in a Parisian saloon, amid the glare of meretricious gilding, almost under the shadow of the great triumphal arch—one of those gigantic memorials of human victories which for the cause of human civilization had much better be forgotten than commemorated; the canvas on the walls swarming with young fauns, cupids, and other Pagan devices.

"In making the translation I kept in view three or four leading objects which I will briefly state.

"I. An inflexible adherence to the rhythm.

"2. A faithful prefervation of every thought contained in the original.

"3. A vigorous exclusion of every thought not contained in it.

"4. A prefervation as far as possible, of the tenderness of feeling and expression, which is the characteristic of the hymn."

The fecond of the new translations is by that accomplished author, two of whose remarkable renderings of the Dies Iræ already enrich this work. Of the version now given a distinguished scholar says, "The English double rhyme rarely expresses the melody and pathos of the Latin. Dr. Abraham Coles, of Newark, has probably best succeeded in a faithful rendering of the Mater Dolorosa."—Dr. Philip Schaff.

A further exposition of the STABAT MATER is given in the newly found companion-hymn, Stabat

Mater Speciofa, with its translation, the last work of Dr. John Mason Neale. This long-lost lyric has recently been introduced to American readers by Dr. Schaff, who has briefly told its story, and thus admirably analyzed its relation to the Stabat Mater:—

"While the latter has been known and admired for nearly five centuries, the former, though probably as old, was buried in obfcurity, until it was brought to light in our day by A. F. Ozanam in his work on the Franciscan Poets, and in the improved German edition of this work by Julius, with an admirable translation of the hymn by Cardinal Diepenbrock, then bishop of Breslau. The poem has also attracted the attention of English hymnologists, and been translated for the first time into English by the late Dr. John Mason Neale, who published the original Latin with the translation a few days before his death, in August, 1866, thus closing his useful and brilliant hymnological labors.

The Mater Speciosa and the Mater Dolorosa are, apparently, the product of the same genius. They are companion-hymns, and resemble each other like twin sisters. The Mater Dolorosa was evidently suggested by the Scripture scene, as briefly stated by St. John, Stabat juxta crucem mater ejus; and this again, suggested the cradle-hymn as a counterpart. It is a parallelism of contrast which runs from beginning to end. The Mater Speciosa is a Christmas hymn, and sings the overslowing joy of Mary at the cradle of the new-born Saviour. The Mater Dolorosa is a Good Friday hymn, and sings the piercing agony of Mary at the cross of her

divine human Son. They breathe the same love to Christ, and the burning defire to become identified with Mary by sympathy in the intensity of her joy as in the intensity of her grief. They are the same in structure, and excel alike in the singularly touching music of language, and the soft cadence that echoes the sentiment. Both confift of two parts, the first of which describes the objective fituation; the second identifies the author with the fituation, and addresses the Virgin as an object of worship. Both bear the impress of their age and the monastic order which probably gave them birth. The mysterious charm and power of the two hymns are due to the subject and to the intensity of feeling with which the author seized it. Mary at the manger, and Mary at the cross, opens a vista to an abyss of joy and of grief such as the world never faw before. Mary stood there not only as the mother, but as the representative of the whole Christian church, for which the eternal Son of God was born an infant in the manger, and for which he suffered the most ignominious death on the cross.

STABAT MATER.

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.

I.

STABAT Mater dolorofa,
Juxta crucem lacrymofa,
Dum pendebat filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contriftatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

II.

O quam triftis et afflicta, Fuit illa benedicta Mater unigeniti! Quæ mærebat et dolebat, Pia mater, dum videbat Nati pænas inclyti.

THE STABAT MATER.

LORD LINDSAY.

I.

BY the Cross, sad vigil keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
While on it the Saviour hung;
In that hour of deep distress,
Pierced the sword of bitterness
Through her heart with sorrow wrung.

2.

Oh! how fad, how woe-begone
Was that ever-bleffed one,
Mother of the Son of God!
Oh! what bitter tears fhe fhed
Whilst before her Jesus bled
'Neath the Father's penal rod!

III.

Quis est homo qui non sleret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

IV.

Pro peccatis fuæ gentis,
Vidit Jefum in tormentis,
Et flagellis fubditum.
Vidit fuum dulcem natum,
Morientem, defolatum,
Dum emifit fpiritum.

٧.

Eia mater, fons amoris,

Me fentire vim doloris

Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum,

In amando Christum Deum

Ut illi complaceam.

Who's the man could view unmoved
CHRIST'S fweet mother, whom HE loved,
In fuch dire extremity?
Who his pitying tears withhold,
CHRIST'S fweet mother to behold
Sharing in His agony?

4.

For the Father's broken law,

Mary thus the Saviour faw

Sport of human cruelties—
Saw her fweet, her only Son,

God-forfaken and undone,

Die a finless facrifice!

5.

Mary mother, fount of love,
Make me share thy forrow, move
All my foul to sympathy!
Make my heart within me glow
With the love of Jesus—so
Shall I find acceptancy.

VI.

Sancta Mater, iftud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

VII.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum flare,
Et tibi me fociare
In planctu defidero.

VIII.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non fis amara;
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac confortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Print, O Mother, on my heart,
Deeply print the wounds, the smart
Of my Saviour's chastisement;
He who, to redeem my loss,
Deigned to bleed upon the cross—
Make me share His punishment.

7.

Ever with thee, at thy fide,
'Neath the Christ, the Crucified,
Mournful mother, let me be!
By the Cross fad vigil keeping,
Ever watchful, ever weeping,
Thy companion constantly!

8.

Maid of maidens, undefiled,
Mother gracious, mother mild,
Melt my heart to weep with thee!
Crown me with CHRIST's thorny wreath,
Make me confort of His death,
Sharer of His victory.

IX.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore filii.
Inflammatus et accenfus,
Per te, Virgo, fim defenfus,
In die judicii.

x.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

Never from the mingled tide
Flowing still from Jesus' side,
May my lips inebriate turn;
And when in the day of doom,
Lightning-like He rends the tomb,
Shield, oh shield me, lest I burn!

10.

So the shadow of the tree
Where thy Jesus bled for me
Still shall be my fortalice;
So when slesh and spirit sever
Shall I live, thy boon, for ever
In the joys of Paradise!

STABAT MATER.

GENERAL DIX.

ī.

NEAR the Crofs the Saviour bearing
Stood the mother lone, despairing,
Bitter tears down falling fast.
Wearied was her heart with grieving,
Worn her breast with sorrow heaving,
Through her soul the sword had passed.

2.

Ah! how fad and broken-hearted
Was that bleffed mother, parted
From the God-begotten One!
How her loving heart did languish
When she saw the mortal anguish
Which o'erwhelmed her peerless Son.

STABAT MATER.

DR. COLES.

I.

S TOOD the afflicted mother weeping
Near the cross her station keeping
Whereon hung her Son and Lord;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing
Also passed the cruel sword.

2.

Oh! how mournful and diffressed
Was that favored and most blessed
Mother of the only Son!
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
Pains of that Illustrious One.

Who could witness without weeping
Such a flood of forrow sweeping
O'er the stricken mother's breast?
Who contemplate without being
Moved to kindred grief by seeing
Son and mother thus oppressed?

4.

For our fins she saw Him bending
And the cruel lash descending
On His body stripped and bare;
Saw her own dear Jesus dying,
Heard His spirit's last out-crying
Sharp with anguish and despair.

5.

Gentle Mother, love's pure fountain!
Cast, oh! cast on me the mountain
Of thy grief that I may weep;
Let my heart with ardor burning,
Christ's unbounded love returning,
His rich favor win and keep.

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, faw he Christ's mother
In such deep distress and wild?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
Agonizing with her child?

4.

For His people's fins atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod;
Saw her darling offspring dying,
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
Yield His spirit up to God.

5.

Make me feel thy forrow's power,
That with thee I tears may shower,
Tender mother, fount of love!
Make my heart with love unceasing
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing
I may be to Him above.

Holy Mother, be thy fludy
Christ's dear image scarred and bloody
To enshrine within my heart!
Martyred Son! whose grace has set me
Free from endless death, oh! let me
Of Thy sufferings bear a part.

7.

Mother, let our tears commingle,
Be the crucifix my fingle
Sign of forrow while I live:
Let me by the Crofs fland near thee,
There to fee thee, there to hear thee,
For each figh a figh to give.

8.

Purest of the Virgins! turn not
Thy displeasure on me—spurn not
My desire to weep with thee.
Let me live Christ's passion sharing,
All His wounds and forrows bearing
In my tearful memory.

Holy mother, this be granted,
That the flain one's wounds be planted
Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of Him wounded, all affounded—
Depths unbounded for me founded,
All the pangs with me divide.

7.

Make me weep with thee in union;
With the Crucified, communion
In His grief and fuffering give;
Near the cross with tears unfailing
I would join thee in thy wailing
Here as long as I shall live.

8.

Maid of maidens, all excelling!

Be not bitter, me repelling,

Make thou me a mourner too;

Make me bear about Christ's dying,

Share His passion, shame defying,

All His wounds in me renew.

Be, ye wounds, my tribulation!
Be, thou Cross, my inspiration!
Mark, O blood, my Heaven-ward way.
Thus to fervor rapt, O tender
Virgin, be thou my defender
In the dreadful Judgment Day.

10.

With the Cross my faith I'll cherish;
By Christ's death sustained I'll perish,
Through His grace again to rise.
Come then, Death, this body sealing,
To my ransomed soul revealing
Glorious days in Paradise.

9.

Wound for wound be there created;
With the cross intoxicated
For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—
May I, fired with pure affection,
Virgin, have through thee protection
In the solemn Judgment Day.

IO.

Let me by the Cross be warded,
By the death of Christ be guarded,
Nourished by divine supplies.
When the body death hath riven,
Grant that to the soul be given
Glories bright of Paradise.

MATER SPECIOSA.

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.

ī.

STABAT Mater speciosa
Juxta scenum gaudiosa,
Dum jacebat parvulus;
Cujus animam gaudentem
Lactabundam ac ferventem
Pertransivit jubilus.

II.

O quam læta et beata
Fuit illa immaculata
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ gaudebat et ridebat,
Exultabat, cum videbat
Nati partum inclyti.

MATER SPECIOSA.

DR. NEALE.

I.

RULL of beauty stood the mother
By the manger, blest o'er other,
Where her little one she lays:
For her inmost soul's elation,
In its fervid jubilation,
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.

2.

Oh! what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that bleffed mother, kneeling
By the Sole-Begotten One!
How, her heart with laughter bounding,
She beheld the work aftounding,
Saw His birth, the glorious Son.

III.

Quis jam est, qui non gauderet
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto solatio?
Quis non posset collætari,
Christi matrem contemplari
Ludentem cum filio?

IV.

Pro peccatis fuæ gentis
Chriftum vidit cum jumentis
Et algori fubditum;
Vidit fuum dulcem natum
Vagientem, adoratum
Vili diverforio.

v.

Nato Christo in præsepe Cœli cives canunt læte Cum immenso gaudio; Stabat senex cum puella Non cum verbo nec loquela Stupescentes cordibus 3.

Who is he, that fight who beareth,
Nor Christ's mother's solace shareth
In her bosom as He lay:
Who is he that would not render
Tend'rest love for love so tender,
Love, with that dear babe at play?

4.

For the trespass of her nation
She with oxen saw His station
Subjected to cold and woe;
Saw her sweetest offspring's wailing,
Wise men Him with worship hailing,
In the stable, mean and low.

5.

Jefus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies fang the stranger,
In the great joy-bearing part;
Stood the old man with the maiden,
No words speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.

VI.

Eja mater, fons amoris,
Me fentire vim ardoris,
Fac ut tecum fentiam!
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amatum Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

VII.

Sancta mater, iftud agas,
Prone introducas plagas
Cordi fixas valide.
Tui nati cœlo lapfi,
Jam dignati fœno nafci
Pænas mecum divide.

VIII.

Fac me vere congaudere,
Jesulino cohærere
Donec ego vixero.
In me sistat ardor tui;
Puerino fac me frui
Dum sum in exilio.
Hunc ardorem fac communem,
Ne me facias immunem
Ab hoc desiderio.

6.

Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
Learn to sympathize with thee:
Let me raise my heart's devotion
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be.

7.

Mother, let me win this bleffing,
Let His forrow's deep impressing
In my heart engraved remain:
Since thy Son, from heaven descending,
Deigned to bear the manger's tending,
Oh! divide with me His pain.

8.

Keep my heart its gladness bringing,
To my Jesus ever clinging
Long as this my life shall last;
Love like that thine own love, give it,
On my little child to rivet,
Till this exile shall be past.
Let me share thine own affliction;
Let me suffer no rejection
Of my purpose fixed and fast.

IX.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non fis amara;
Fac me parvum rapere;
Fac ut pulchrum fantem portem,
Qui nafcendo vicit mortem,
Volens vitam tradere.

x.

Fac me tecum fatiari,
Nato me inebriari,
Stans inter tripudio.
Inflammatus et accenfus
Obstupescit omnis sensus
Tali de commercio.

XI.

Omnes stabulum amantes, Et pastores vigilantes Pernoctantes sociant. Per virtutem nati tui Ora ut electi sui Ad patriam veniant. 9.

Virgin, peerless of condition,

Be not wroth with my petition,

Let me class thy little Son;

Let me bear that child so glorious,

Him, whose birth, o'er death victorious,

Willed that life for man was won.

10.

Let me, fatiate with my pleafure,
Feel the rapture of thy treafure
Leaping for that joy intense:
That, inflamed by such communion,
Through the marvel of that union
I may thrill in every sense.

II.

All that love this stable truly,
And the shepherds watching duly,
Tarry there the livelong night:
Pray that, by thy Son's dear merit,
His elected may inherit
Their own country's endless light.

THE VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

N the year 997, "whilft the priesthood strug-"gled to regain through their anathemas the "property that had been taken from them by "violence, a young man, who knew neither to "threaten nor to lie, nor to inspire others with "fear, succeeded to the royal dignity which his "father had usurped. It was Robert, only son "of Hugh Capet."—Sismondi, Hist. Français.

This King, "there is no good reason to "doubt" (Konigsfeld), was the author of the VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS, a hymn that the best living authority regards as "the loveliest of all "the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred "poetry."—Trench.

The ability of Robert II. to have composed the hymn which ranks next to the Dies Iræ and

Stabat Mater, is not improbable, for, according to the chronicle of Saint Bertin, he was a faint, a poet, and a musician:

"Robert étoit très-pieux, prudent, lettré, et suffisamment philosophe, mais surtout excellent musicien. Il composa la prose
du Saint-Esprit, qui commence par ces mots, Adsit nobis gratia,
les rhythmes, Judæ et Hierusalem, et Cornelius Centurio, qu'il
offrit à Rome sur l'autel de Saint-Pierre, notés avec le chant
qui leur étoit propre, de même que l'antiphone Eripe, et plufieurs autres beaux morceaux."

The translation which is here given is from the Lyra Germanica of Catherine Winkworth. That work professes to be translated from the German; but its version of the Veni Sancte Spiritus is a finer translation than any that professes to be from the Latin.

The only alteration which has been made in the text is the first word of the English version. As there was no reason for rendering the Latin verb by the English interjection "O," it is presumed that this was an unintended error of the usually faithful and scrupulous translator.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

ROBERT II.

I.

VENI, Sancte Spiritus, Et emitte cœlitus, Lucis tuæ radium.

II.

Veni, pater pauperum, Veni, dator munerum, Veni, lumen cordium.

III.

Confolator optime, Dulcis hospes animæ, Dulce refrigerium.

THE VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

I.

OME, Holy Ghoft! Thou fire divine! From highest heaven on us down shine! Comforter, be Thy comfort mine!

2.

Come, Father of the poor, to earth; Come with Thy gifts of precious worth; Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

3.

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest
The heart where Thou art constant guest,
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

IV.

In labore requies, In æstu temperies, In sletu solatium.

v.

O lux beatissima! Reple cordis intima, Tuorum fidelium.

VI.

Sine tuo numine, Nihil est in homine, Nihil est innoxium.

VII.

Lava quod est sordidum, Riga quod est aridum, Sana quod est saucium. 4.

Come Thou in whom our toil is fweet, Our shadow in the noon-day heat, Before whom mourning slieth sleet.

5.

Bright Sun of Grace! Thy funshine dart On all who cry to Thee apart, And fill with gladness every heart.

6.

Whate'er without Thy aid is wrought, Or skilful deed, or wisest thought, God counts it vain and merely naught.

7.

O cleanse us that we fin no more, O'er parchèd souls Thy waters pour; Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

VIII.

Flecte quod est rigidum, Fove quod est frigidum, Rege quod est devium.

IX.

Da tuis fidelibus, In te confidentibus, Sacrum feptenarium.

x.

Da virtutis meritum, Da falutis exitum, Da perenne gaudium. 8.

Thy will be ours in all our ways; O melt the frozen with Thy rays; Call home the loft in error's maze.

9.

And grant us, LORD, who cry to Thee, And hold the Faith in unity, Thy precious gifts of charity.

10.

That we may live in holiness,
And find in death our happiness,
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss!

THE VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

HARLEMAGNE, réclamé par l'Eglife comme un faint, par les Français comme "leur plus grand roi, par les Allemands comme "leur compatriote, par les Italiens comme leur "empereur," is the reputed author of this Latin hymn. Men naturally prefer to trace a venerable and renowned composition to an unexpected authorship, and to find the refinement of letters in those otherwise distinguished; still more, to discover in a great soldier and a great king the doubly refined gift of facred poetry. It is not impossible. "The eloquence of Char-"lemagne," fays his Secretary, "was abundant. "He was able to express with facility all he "wished; and, not content with his mother-"tongue, he bestowed great pains upon foreign "languages. He had taken fo well to the Latin, "that he was able to fpeak publicly in that lan"guage almost as easily as in his own. He "understood Greek, and studied Hebrew."

There remains of his muse an epitaph on Adrian I., in thirty-eight verses; the Song of Roland, an ode to the scholar Warnesride, and an epigram in hexameter verse. This epigram was found in a manuscript containing a commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, attributed to Origen, and corrected in the hand of Charlemagne. The subject of the hymn seems also to have engaged the attention of the Emperor, for there is a letter by him addressed to his bishops, entitled De gratia septiformis Spiritus. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle, his crown upon his head, and his copy of the Gospels upon his knees, January 28, 814.

The English version of the hymn is the paraphrase of Dryden, of which Warton says: "This "is a most elegant and beautiful little morsel, "and one of his most correct compositions." There is a translation in the Prayer Book (Ordering of Priests) which is noteworthy, as being the only Breviary hymn retained by the Episcopal Church.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

CHARLEMAGNE.

VENI, Creator Spiritus, Mentes tuorum vifita, Imple fuperna gratia, Quæ tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus, Altissimi donum Dei, Fons vivus, ignis, charitas, Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu feptiformis munere, Digitus Paternæ dexteræ, Tu rite promissum Patris, Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen fenfibus, Infunde amorem cordibus, Infirma nostri corporis Virtute firmans perpeti.

THE VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

DRYDEN.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind,
Come pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we fing.

PLENTEOUS of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our desence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence!

Hostem repellas longius, Pacemque dones protinus: Ductore sic te prævio Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem, Noscamus atque Filium; Teque utriusque Spiritum Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri fit gloria Et Filio qui a mortuis Surrexit, ac Paraclito, In fæculorum fæcula. REFINE and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the fenses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand and hold 'em down.

CHASE from our minds th' infernal foe, And peace the fruit of love bestow; And lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us on the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, And practife all that we believe; Give us Thyfelf, that we may fee The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame, Attend the Almighty Father's name: The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died; And equal adoration be, Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

THE VEXILLA REGIS.

THE VEXILLA REGIS was written about the year 580—two hundred years before the time of Charlemagne, and feven hundred years before the birth of the English language. It is therefore one of the oldest of mediæval hymns.

Venantius Fortunatus, an Italian, whose birthplace is unknown, was in early life a citizen of Ravenna, from which he was driven by the great invasion of the Lombards. He passed into France, and became the fashionable poet of his time. Subsequently he devoted his talents to a holier object, and became the friend of Saint Radegunde and Saint Gregory. He removed to Tours, was made Bishop of Poitiers, and died about the year 600. "This world-famous hymn, one of the grandeft in the treasury of the Latin Church, was composed by Fortunatus on occasion of the reception of certain relics by Saint Gregory of Tours and Saint Radegunde, previously to the consecration of a church at Poitiers. It is therefore strictly and primarily a processional hymn, though, very naturally, afterwards adapted to Passion-tide."—Mediæval Hymns.

"C'est de Fortunat qu'est le Vexilla Regis composé, à l'occasion du morceau de la vraie croix, envoyé par l'empereur Justin à St. Radegonde."—*Biographie Universelle*.

The last two verses were added when the hymn was appropriated to Passion-tide. The ending of Fortunatus is this:

[&]quot;With fragrance dropping from each bough, Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou: Decked with the fruit of peace and praise, And glorious with Triumphal lays:—

[&]quot;Hail, Altar! Hail, O Victim! Thee Decks now Thy Paffion's Victory; Where Life for finners death endured, And life by death for man procured."

VEXILLA REGIS.

FORTUNATUS.

I.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt, Fulget crucis mysterium, Quo carne carnis conditor Suspensus est patibulo.

II.

Quo vulneratus infuper Mucrone diro lanceæ, Ut nos lavaret crimine Manavit unda fanguine.

III.

Impleta funt quæ concinit David fideli carmine Dicens: In nationibus Regnavit a ligno Deus.

THE VEXILLA REGIS.

DR. NEALE.

I.

THE Royal Banners forward go;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in slesh, our slesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2.

Where deep for us the spear was dy'd, Life's torrent rushing from His side, To wash us in that precious slood Where mingled water flow'd, and blood.

3.

Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true prophetic fong of old;
Amidst the nations God, faith he,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.

IV.

Arbor decora et fulgida, Ornata regis purpura, Electa digno stipite Tam sancta membra tangere.

٧.

Beata cujus brachiis Pretium pependit fæculi, Statera facta fæculi Prædamque tulit tartaris.

VI.

O crux ave, fpes unica! Hoc passionis tempore, Auge piis institiam Reisque dona veniam.

VII.

Te fumma Deus Trinitas Collaudet omnis fpiritus Quas per crucis mysterium Salvas, rege per sæcula. 4.

O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest!

5.

On whose dear arms, so widely flung, The weight of this world's ransom hung: The price of human kind to pay, And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

6.

O Cross, our one reliance, hail! This holy Passion-tide, avail
To give fresh merit to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.

7.

To Thee, Eternal Three in One, Let homage meet by all be done; Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore, Preserve and govern evermore.

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE.

HIS famous Sequence, which may be regarded as the parent of every Hallelujah Chorus that has been written fince, was composed by Godescalcus, prior to the year 950—the year of his death. The little that is known of him is given by his translator.

"There is only one thing," fays Dr. Neale, "with respect to the use of any of my hymns that has grieved me—the rejection of the noble melody of the Alleluiatic Sequence, and that for a third-rate chant. What would be said of chanting the Dies Iræ? And yet I really believe that it would suffer less than does the Cantemus cuncti by such a substitution. Further, be it noticed, every sentence—I had almost said every

word—of the version was carefully fitted to the music, and the length of the lines corresponds to the length of each *troparion* in the original."

"If it be faid that the original melody is difficult, I can only reply that I have frequently heard it fung by a choir of children, of ages varying from four to fourteen; and never more prettily than when, without any accompaniment at all, in the open fields—the very small ones joining in for the greater part with the whole of their little energy."—Mediæval Hymns.

CANTEMUS CUNCTI.

GODESCALCUS.

AN'	T	EMUS	cuncti	melodum	nunc
t .					ALLELUIA

- II. In laudibus æterni regis hæc plebs refultet Alleluia.
- III. Hoc denique cœlestes chori cantent in altum Alleluia.
- IV. Hoc beatorum per prata paradifiaca pfallat concentus ALLELUIA.
- v. Quin et aftrorum micantia luminaria jubilent altum ALLELUIA.
- vi. Nubium curfus, ventorum volatus, fulgurum coruscatio et tonitruum fonitus dulce confonent fimul

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE.

DR. NEALE.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia.
2. To the glory of their King
Shall the ransom'd people sing Alleluia.

- 3. And the Choirs that dwell on high Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia.
- 4. They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
 The blessed ones, repeat through that bright
 home
 Alleluia.
- The planets glitt'ring on their heavenly way, The shining constellations, join, and say Alleluia.
- 6. Ye clouds that onward fweep! Ye winds on pinions light! Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep! Ye lightnings, wildly bright! In fweet confent unite your Alleluia.

- vII. Fluctus et undæ, imber et procellæ, tempestas et serenitas, cauma, gelu, nix, prunæ, faltus, nemora pan-ALLELUIA. gant
- VIII. Hinc variæ volucres creatorem laudibus concinite cum ALLELUIA.
 - IX. Ast illic respondeant voces altæ diversarum bestiarum ALLELUIA.
 - x. Istinc montium celfi vertices fonent ALLELUIA.
 - x1. Hinc vallium profunditates faltent ALLELUIA.
 - XII. Tu quoque maris jubilans abysse dic ALLELUIA.
- XIII. Nec non terrarum molis immensitates: ALLELUIA.
- xiv. Nunc omne genus humanum laudans exultet: ALLELUIA.
- xv. Et creatori grates frequentans confonet: ALLELUIA.
- xvi. Hoc denique nomen audire jugiter delectatur · ALLELUIA.

- 7. Ye floods and ocean billows!
 Ye florms and winter fnow!
 Ye days of cloudless beauty!
 Hoar frost and summer glow!
 Ye groves that wave in spring,
 And glorious forests, sing
 Alleluia.
- First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
 Exalt their great CREATOR's praise, and say
 Alleluia.
- 9. Then let the beafts of earth, with varying ftrain,
 Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again

Alleluia.

- 10. Here let the mountains thunder forth, fonorous, Alleluia.
- 11. There, let the valleys fing in gentler chorus,

 Alleluia.
- 12. Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia.
- 13. Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply

 Alleluia.
- 14. To God, who all Creation made,
- 15. The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia.
- 16. This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of all things loves: Alleluio

xvII. Hoc etiam carmen cœleste comprobat ipse Christus: ALLELUIA.

xvIII. Nunc vos focii cantate lætantes:

ALLELUIA.

xix. Et vos pueruli respondete semper

ALLELUIA.

xx. Nunc omnes canite fimul Alleluia domino, Alleluia Christo pneumatique ALLELUIA.

xxi. Laus Trinitati æternæ in babtismo domini quæ clarificatur: Hinc canamus: ALLELUIA.

- 17. This is the fong, the heav'nly fong, that Christ Himfelf approves: Alleluia.
- 18. Wherefore we fing, both heart and voice awaking,

 Alleluia.
- 19. And children's voices echo, answer making,
 Alleluia.
- 20. Now from all men be out-pour'd Alleluia to the LORD;
 With Alleluia evermore
 The SON and SPIRIT we adore.
- 21. Praise be done to the Three in One.

 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

APPENDIX

THE concluding lines of the extract given at page 4, are in the original:

"Si tua nuncia prævenit uncia, furge, fequaris;
Expete limina, nulla gravamina jam verearis.
Si datur uncia, stat prope gratia Pontificalis;
Sin procul hæc valet, hæc tibi lex manet est schola talis."

The ninth and tenth stanzas of the STABAT MATER are more literally rendered in the following than in the version of Lord Lindsay. They also show the inability of the English double rhyme to express the pathos which invests the Latin.

"Let me with His stripes be rended;
Let me by His blood be cleansed—
Looking to the Crucified.
Then, O Virgin, by thee lighted,
Wakened, warmed, aroused, excited,
For the judgment sanctified.

"Let me by the Cross directed,
By the death of Christ protected,
See below His glory far.
Then, this body mouldering, riven—
Then be to my spirit given
Paradifi Gloria!"









